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and consequently offers little subject for controversy. An exception must be made in the case of the discussion of French influence on English before 1400, in which too great emphasis is placed on the Norman element.

In the English version of this work there have crept in a number of expressions not quite suited to the genius of the English language. In line 10 of the first page, the tense of *has been* seems like a survival from the original work. In a similar way is probably to be explained *some* in line 10 of page 2. To the difficulty of transferring from one language to another are probably to be explained a number of distortions of fact. For instance on page 1, we read, "the number of Celts is very small," where the reference is to people speaking Celtic languages; and on page 2 we read in one place that "Gallie is the only Celtic language of the mainland of which we know anything"; in another place, "Welsh is spoken in Wales, and Breton in Brittany." Faults arising in translation, like the ones we have cited from the first two pages, occur with somewhat too great frequency in the remaining pages of the book.

This work in its inception was intended for a cram book. For that use it seems now better fitted than for use in introducing students to the general subject. The author has brought into a remarkably compact form the facts that a student would need to call to mind in reviewing. He has brought to his work knowledge of the most recent progress in the subject. He has, however, made little original contribution, and the form of the work is hardly that best suited for the use of the beginner.

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DIBELIUS, WILHELM. *Englische Romankunst. Die Technik des englischen Romans im achtzehnten und zu Anfang des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts.* Bd. I., Berlin, Mayer & Müller, 1910.

MORGAN, CHARLOTTE E. *The Rise of the Novel of Manners.* Columbia University Press. 1911.

When a scholar announces in his preface, "My work presents the great highway which leads from Defoe to Dickens, but not all the little sidepaths that accompany and cross it," and then publishes 406 closely-printed pages as but one-half of his labor, the reader has a right to expect proportion, completeness, and clearness for the topic chosen. It is not too much to say that Professor Dibelius's work on the technique of the English novel in the the 18th century is neither clear, complete, nor well-proportioned.

A powerful cause for this failure lies in the origin of the book. Although first intended as "an introductory chap-

ter of a greater work upon Dickens," it later became, first a search for Dickens's sources, and then a study of "the relation of artistic individuality to traditional methods" from Defoe to Dickens. Unfortunately, when Professor Dibelius decided to ignore "all the little side-paths," his book remained—minus Addison—a study of Dickens's sources; and it is thus incomplete as an account of the "individual" technique of 18th century novelists. Every American student of the novel knows most of what Professor Dibelius has set forth as new; the painful mass of the volume will deter even the curious from unearthing the little that is "trove". For what Professor Dibelius has done is to analyze at unnecessary length such characteristics as are dwelt upon by every instructor of an elementary course in the novel. 279 pages are devoted to Defoe, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Goldsmith; Walpole, Reeve, Radcliffe, and Lewis get 61 pages; and to the only little-known writers—Mackenzie, Inchbald, Godwin—are allotted but 61 pages! Certainly this does not sufficiently represent fictional influences. To ignore Swift and the *voyage imaginaire*, the novel of inanimate objects, and the oriental novel may not be defended by stating, as does Professor Dibelius, that one has not attempted a "history of the English novel."¹ For where are writers mentioned as influential in both Raleigh and Cross—Mrs. Manley and Mrs. Haywood, Leland and White, Mrs. Shelley and Maturin, Peacock and Walker? As will be indicated, Smollett owed much to the two first-named, and Scott would not have been Scott without the second two. The others I know little about. All eight—to name no other writers—should have been among Professor Dibelius's problems.

Another reason for Professor Dibelius's failure—one yet more potent than his ill-starred double aim, because it militates against completeness in the seemingly exhaustive treatment of the authors selected—is Professor Dibelius's theory of what constitutes novelistic technique. No one can read this work understandingly—surely a dubious tribute—unless he analyze the preface of the volume. Professor Dibelius's goal is, indeed, put clearly enough, even though he must have utterly forgotten Koerting and Warren when he wrote: "but a work which throws light upon the technique of an entire century or an entire school I do not know." He intends to "regard the novel as a work of art, that like every work of art possesses a definite technique, which rests partly upon the natural form of expression of the type, partly upon a tradition;" and he does not mean to "ask of the most significant works of the fundamental epoch of the English novel: is this beautiful

¹ *Rasselas* and *Vathek*, we are told, are the only Oriental novels!

or not, but: how is this produced, and is this traditional or individual technique?" Further, he delightfully defines the novel (?) as "no great edifice (? *Fassade*) which impresses through the strongly formative lines of architecture, but a variegated mosaic, in which the many little stones scarcely appear." All this is admirable. One thinks of Brooke's *Fool of Quality*—a side-path—and is pleased.

Pleasure at the abandonment of the "dramatic-structure" theory becomes dismay, however, when the "many little stones" and their geometrical combinations are set forth; Professor Dibelius knows altogether too well just how mosaics are pieced. But let us abandon metaphor in the interests of brevity. There are, then, claims Professor Dibelius, three possible origins for a novel—a suggestive incident called to the author's attention, a knowledge of some interesting personality, or a vague idea of a "restless sequence of exciting events." These origins, further, are most important, since even in the most haphazard novel, patient search can later detect them *somewhere*, and since they determine the general type. "Purpose" is a mere later modifier. Of the types, thus determined, there are two, the *Abenteuerroman* and the *Persönlichkeitsroman*, each built up through a carefully enumerated complexity of *Konstruktionsmotive*, especially, of course, love or "character." "Allotment of character-roles" is the author's next step, the characters being either pure types or type-aberrations, their analysis being either direct (writer's analysis, self-depiction, or portrayal by another character) or indirect, their personal portraiture being either detailed or suggestive, objective or subjective. At the same time, inevitably, the plot or complication of events moves forward, it being decreed by mere chance, by foreknowledge of the end, by the opening lines (conversational or scene-depicting), by the use or non-use of a medical climactic point, by the "moment of last suspense;" desire for clarity, mystery, contrast, or "will-conflict" are other important factors. Still three other matters are present, consciously or unconsciously, to the novelist, but, of necessity, consciously to the critic. In the first place, is an author subjective or objective in his attitude, i. e., does he keep himself out of his production, or does he interfere by personal comment or at transitional points ("let us return.")? And does he relate in the first person, by letters, by the "Pendennis" method, or in the third person? In the second place, how does the author use satire, whether static, ethnic, social, or political? Is he didactic? Does he employ pathos? Does his humor arise from situation, from character, or from "subjective tone"—and if from the latter, does it issue from *Qualitätsvorstellung*, from *Quantitätsver-*

schiebung, or from *Kongruenz des Inkongruenten*? In the third place, what is the author's attitude toward nature?

The reader may be thinking that I have been exhausting. I have not been exhaustive. The necessity, too, was pressing. With every author Professor Dibelius follows painstakingly this outline of technique; if there are in an author points not present in the scheme, he overlooks such points. Moreover, certain of Professor Dibelius's headings are questionable. Is it true, e. g., that the three origins stated by Professor Dibelius are the only ones? An English or American reviewer can not forget Stevenson's comment upon the possibility of beginning with plot, character, or "atmosphere". And aside from this, since one must grant that the "atmospheric" novel is perhaps not found in the 18th century, is the germinal idea always antecedent to "purpose," and *can* it always be detected? By brushing aside the *voyage imaginaire*, the novel of scandal, and the Oriental romance, Professor Dibelius has cleverly tried to checkmate such an inquiry. Still, there are Sterne and Reeve, and even Fielding in *Joseph Andrews*. Third, may one assume, as does Professor Dibelius in chapter after chapter, that in the determining of individual contributions to technique, all which is not new must be traditional? Koerting threw upon the much-studied volumes of the 17th century French romancers additional light by considering the effects of the authors' lives; is this not wiser than writing as if authors produced *in vacuo*? Whether or not the effect arises from Professor Dibelius's feeling that to understand *Dickens* we need not know his predecessors' lives, this much is true; of their lives we never hear. Finally, are not more than two openings for a novel possible? A study of 17th century prefaces would have shown Professor Dibelius that before Defoe three types of opening had educed considerable theorizing, and as such had determined structure; these were the genealogical opening, the discursive opening, and the opening *in medias res*. (Why does Professor Dibelius write *in mediis rebus*?) Penelope Aubin, the author of the *Generous Rivals* (1711), and the writer of *Indiana* (1736) might also have been consulted with profit. That these three authors move in "side-paths" is no ground for contempt. Professor Dibelius himself says: "no one has ever written a novel who has not first been a voracious novel-reader." Can it be probable, then, that Richardson fed only on Defoe?

Enough, however, of the vulnerability of Professor Dibelius's general scheme. The result of it when applied to any one writer displays its further defects—lack of completeness

and lack of proportion in every chapter. That upon Smollett, as neither the best nor the worst, comes to hand.

In discussing Smollett Professor Dibelius pursues his cataloguing method with but one variation; didacticism precedes satire. Suppose, now, one ask what material the average American sophomore, taking an elementary course in the novel, would give, if examined on Smollett's sources and on Smollett's general theory. For sources he would, I think, name Defoe, Fielding, and Le Sage: Professor Dibelius adds Cervantes and Richardson. Surely, however, no reader of Roderick Random's encounter (II, ch. 15) with a certain "noble lord," or of the "doctor's" Roman banquet in *Peregrine Pickle* (II, ch. 10) can forget Petronius. Scarron is named by Smollett himself. The *Female Quixote* of Mrs. Lennox, much in vogue in the fifties, he must have known. These, of course, are not unexamined sources; it is the "by-paths" whither Smollett's feet must have wandered that need exploration. Certainly the scandalous novels of Mrs. Manley and Mrs. Haywood, ranging from the *New Atalantis* (1709-11) to the *Court of Caramania* (1727) must have contributed to Smollett's "nastiness." For here are in full-length portraiture many of Smollett's *dramatis personae*—for that matter, some of Richardson's and Fielding's. Here is Monimia of *Count Fathom* under the name of Masonia. Here, under the guise of an omniscient Cupid or Virtue or Justice, is one of the most important devices of Crebillon's *Sopha* or Smollett's own *Adventures of an Atom*. Here is the cold brutality so lacking in Defoe and so conspicuous in Smollett. There are other sources, too, besides these novels. The famous forest scene in Defoe's *Singleton* and the constant description in *Gaudentio di Lucca* are not unrelated to Smollett's love of nature. *Ferdinand, Count Fathom*, I, 298, even contains a list of popular novels, nearly all to be found, by the way, in the easily accessible *Novelists' Magazine*.

But what of our American student's answer in an examination upon Smollett's general theory. As "contributions to theory" he would probably name (a) formlessness; (b) brutal realism ("nature," says Smollett, "is appealed to in every particular"); (c) an odd liking for the exotic (homosexuality, mild madness, Gothicism, antiquarian treasures); (d) that satire which delights in attacking contemporaries; (e) the introduction into fiction of real sea-men, Scotchmen, and Irishmen; (f) emphasis on caricature. If he did not, he would not have read his *Cross*, as assigned. What becomes of these points in Professor Dibelius's scheme? (a) and (f) fall in with it, and are stressed; (b) and (e) are touched upon very incidentally; (c) and (d) are in their most influential phase,

practically ignored. It is only just to remark that on some matters Professor Dibelius arrays numberless illustrations. But no amount of minute citation upon points which have never been questioned can atone for the misrepresentation we have explained.

Proportion suffers still further. At times, despite the iron-clad movement of each chapter, interesting bits, very well worth while, crop up; they are lost amid hurtling examples of some heading. Such are (189) the interesting survival of the sequel theory which had worried the 17th century; the hint of relation to Hogarth's caricatures (185); the appearance of Rousseauian theories of education (185). At other times, adherence to the scheme brings about dreary repetition, or, if not that, the division, Solomon-like, of two halves of one topic. Thus, on 173 we find under "character-types" fragments of "pedants"; on 195 under "static satire" we pick up other fragments. (Cf. 161 and 186). Such a division may even lead to inconsistent statements. On 193 we read under "didacticism": "Didactic leanings show themselves in Smollett as good as never"; on p. 207 under "hygiene, pedagogy, and art" we learn of suggested reforms. Nevertheless, Professor Dibelius's worst sin against proportion is almost unique. Since the stories of novels are never summarized and since dates are never given, no reader with a treacherous memory may dare to peruse any one heading without a careful decision as to whether the material is chronologically arranged. Sometimes it is.

More, assuredly, might be said of the sins of omission in a volume swelled to several times a desirable bulk. The relation of Defoe to his predecessors, the very possible debt of Richardson to *Idalia* or *Indiana*, the influence of the 1717 translation of *Theagenes and Chariclea*, the connection between Smollett and the Gothicists—these are but few of the problems almost certainly shelved because Professor Dibelius is primarily intent upon Dickens. Perhaps, too, it is significant that Cross is not included in Professor Dibelius's short bibliography, and that of other secondary titles Dobson, Dunlop, and Raleigh are alone English or American.

It is a relief to turn from such a heavy work as Professor Dibelius's to the 142 unpretentious pages of Miss Morgan's *Novel of Manners*. For, though Miss Morgan modestly speaks of her volume as "a clearing of the ground in a field where little has been done and much remains to be accomplished," she has aided scholarship more than the *New York Nation* for Dec. 7 seems inclined to admit. Naturally Miss Morgan's book has its faults. But the cavalier tone of her anonymous reviewer is most unwarranted; and it is even

possible that his smart figures and superficial generalities are due to a meagre knowledge of 17th century fiction.

Had Miss Morgan achieved nothing more than to prove conclusively that writers on Richardson must revise their views, her service would not be slight. As it is, she has accomplished much more. She has investigated, analyzed, and at times summarized the types of romance before 1740, presenting many entirely new names. She has examined and classified the early realistic forms of the novel. Finally, she has discussed—more gossippingly than critically, it is true—the fiction of Margaret Cavendish, Aphra Behn, Elizabeth Rowe, Eliza Haywood, Mary Manley, Jane Barker, and Penelope Aubin. We wish she might have found the novels of Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Hearne. So much for services. One is forced to add that the final chapter, that on “popular” fiction, is, as the *Nation* comments, inadequate. Yet let it be always remembered that there was a genuine romantic and realistic novel from Sidney downward. Why study, as the *Nation* insists, news sheets, accounts of crimes, etc.? Furthermore, 17th century fiction does not lie ready to hand in collections, as does that of the 18th century in the *Novelists Magazine* or in the 1787 *Voyages Imaginaires*.

Miss Morgan might, in fact, have left her critic of the *Nation* weaponless, had she collected the material most obviously lacking to her study. Her purpose may have precluded the gathering of the theories of their work left by the early fiction-writers; but one who may himself be engaged in that field will realize how defective this omission makes Miss Morgan's book. She has not often made, one must admit, Dr. Stanglmaier's error in his thesis on Jane Barker, wherein he trusts implicitly that lady's own statement of her aims—though Miss Morgan *does* repeat twice (104, 113) Mrs. Barker's amazing claim of writing *Exilius* “after the manner of Telemachus.” Still, Miss Morgan has too often failed to trace the rise of such bits of theory as she quotes. “Congreve's unique effort to differentiate between the novel and the romance” (50) is by no means unique. Sorel's *Polyandre*, Scarron's *Roman Comique*, and Furetière's *Roman Bourgeois* had voiced the differentiation forty years earlier. Aside from Miss Morgan's ignorance of theory, there are other *lacunae* rather unaccountable. The influence of the translations of the work of Jean-Pierre Camus is unnoted; the followers and imitators of Defoe, such as Edward Dorington, and Simon Berington, are passed by; the marked effect of such *Voyages Imaginaires* as the *Sevarambians* (1672), *Jaques Sadeur* (167?) and their ilk upon the matter and manner of Swift and Defoe is untraced; the “return to nature” cult in this

same group of publications is untouched. Finally, why was not Thomas Deloney treated? He falls just before 1600 and is important.

The remaining faults of Miss Morgan's study may be gathered under three topics. The first of these faults—seeming lack of knowledge of contemporary foreign fiction—vitiates, I am inclined to think, all that she has to say upon comparative influences. Especially noticeable are the startling misstatements of chapter I, which deals with romances and anti-romances. One has passed but a few pages when the "seven divisions" of romance leave the reader bewildered. We hear of chivalric, classical, Arcadian, euphuistic, allegorical, political, and *miscellaneous* romances. The chivalric we soon recognize as Hurd's "Gothic" romance, and are at peace. But classical romance is made a mantle to cover "short tales of the Milesian order," *Baalam and Josaphat*, *Apollonius of Tyre*, Petronius's *Satyricon*, the *Golden Ass*, and the "erratic Greek romances" (?). Not Bishop Huet in 1670 was more question-begging. And are not Arcadian and Euphuistic badly-chosen captions? Surely, too, Miss Morgan must know d'Aubignac's six divisions of allegorical romances. It was unfair to the student not a specialist in 17th century fiction to set up headings, certain to mislead him and seldom later so carefully defined that he may escape his misconceptions.

These errors, however, my reader will be inwardly remarking, are not exactly shocking misstatements. To say of the Greek love-romances that they make "no attempt to describe accurately old customs"...that we "are never left in doubt as to the precise appearance of the sympathetic rocks and trees to which the unfortunate characters confided their woes"...that (13) "style is ornate in the extreme"—these comments are. Startling, also, is the characterization (14) of Sannazaro's *Arcadia* and Montemôr's *Diana*. So is the claim that Cervantes's *Persiles and Sigismunda* is "closely modelled after the Greek pattern" (37); Cervantes merely *says* so. So is the classing of Barclay's *Argenis* with Gombould's *Endymion*; they are utterly different. So is the remark about the problematic influence of Sidney's *Arcadia*; see, e. g., the peasants' revolt (*Argenis*, 46), the immuring of *Argenis* (ibid, 112), ch. XIV of Sorel's *Berger Extravagant*, and Clara Reeve's *Progress of Romance*. So is the declaration (19) that in "ideal republics" there is no plot, no love theme; as a matter of fact, from at least 1672 love and plot became such essentials that in the preface to Desfontaine's *Nouveau Gulliver* we read that all *voyages imaginaires* "should be based partly on a love-affair." So is the view that the prefaces of

Mlle. de Scudéry and of Calprenède were "ruthlessly cut out" of English translations; I have before me the prefaces of *Ibrahim* and *Cassandre* as translated by Cogan and Cotterell, and I have seen several others. So is the dismissal as hypothetical of the relation of "translations from the French" (65) to the English group of "narrative comedies" from 1688 onward; *Oronces and Eugenia* was translated in 1784. So is the comment that Subligny's *La Fausse Clélie*—really a variation of the Decameron-framework-novel—is a satire upon heroic romances. Startling, finally, are the statements that *Polexandre* inaugurated the heroic romance (28), that Ollenix du Mont-sacré wrote the *Bergeries de Juliette*, that the Italian *novella* was "displaced" in France by the long romance. Koerting, whom Miss Morgan misquotes, pointed out Gerzan's work as preceding Gomberville's; rather hesitatingly, I add La Tour Hotman's *Histoire Celtique* and Baudoin's *Histoire Négropontique*. Mont-sacré was the pseudonym of de Montreux. Sorel, Baudoin, Camus, Segrays, and others carried on the *novella*.

Miss Morgan's second fault is carelessness in making statements about English fiction. I pass over the *Nation's* taunt about Rabelais imitating Cervantes; this, like others of my own first misconceptions, is a result of rather peccable sentence and paragraph structure. Still, however, I am wondering why Miss Morgan omitted from text and bibliography the *Theophania*, which just preceded the *Parthenissa*, if its prefaced claim be true that it is "the first [heroic romance] that ever our country produced." What, too, can Miss Morgan mean in calling (79) the obscure and haphazard *King of Bantam* Mrs. Behn's "best novel"; in overlooking Kirkman's *Unlucky Citizen* as using 20 years before Incognita the "delightful digression upon digressions," (Dibelius solemnly fathers it upon Fielding); in saying (85) that Mrs. Manley combined the "secret memoir and ideal commonwealth"; in citing (104) portions of Mrs. Barker's *Exiluis* of 1715 as seven new novels of hers in 1726? To carelessness, also, should probably be attributed Miss Morgan's irritating failure to do much more than hint at the origin of the realistic forms. Far better, certainly, than chapter I is chapter II, which deals with novels of the "cloak and sword," "historical novels," "veiled histories," "combinations of the romantic Spanish intrigue with prosaic contemporary manners," "narrative comedies," and the "letter-novel." Here are many valuable summaries, and Miss Morgan is to be commended for her general arrangement. Yet for the very reason that she is on surer ground than in chapter I she should have traced origins and presented more careful definitions.

The remaining fault of Miss Morgan's study is mechanical. The double bibliography seems to me of questionable value, and the print is unnecessarily high. Lowering of the type, with a consequent compression of the bibliography and an elaboration of the content of the study would have been far better.

Nevertheless, *all* deductions made, Miss Morgan has added much to our knowledge of the English novel. The value does not, as the *Nation* perversely declared, lie in the bibliography. And Miss Morgan's modesty contrasts well with Professor Dibelius's self-confidence.

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SIR PERCEVAL OF GALLES: A STUDY OF THE SOURCES OF THE LEGEND, by Reginald Harvey Griffith. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Illinois. Postpaid \$1.35.

It takes rare courage to venture into the mazes of the Perceval-story, even if one thinks to make a straight path for himself as he goes. This courage Professor Griffith has possessed, but he has avoided the complications of the Grail legend, with which the Perceval-story is so closely bound up, by taking for his point of departure the English *Sir Perceval of Galles*, which contains no grail. The volume consists primarily of a careful analysis of the *Sir Perceval of Galles* into twenty-eight incidents, which fall into five large groups. Group by group and incident by incident, the English romance is compared with those portions of the remaining representatives of the legend which contain corresponding elements, and with Celtic folk-tale analogues. The consequence of this procedure is that the book has a somewhat formidable appearance and is rather difficult reading, since numerous tables and lists are made necessary. Nevertheless the mechanical process encourages the reader to feel that the author is making no evasion, that he is seeking simply the truth about the matter; and it enables the reader—conveniently, if not without pains—to retrace the steps by which the author reached his conclusions. The reviewer can claim no competence to deal with the details of the discussion, which will in time be passed upon by those most concerned, but will restrict his remarks to certain general aspects of the study.

Professor Griffith begins his study with a characteristically modest, if somewhat misleading statement: "The problem to which the following pages address themselves concerns the origin of the mediaeval English poem *Sir Perceval of Galles*, whether or not it is the offspring of a